

# Good Morning \$44

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## AGE OF ICE

Peter Prendergast makes you shiver

IT is a real Ice Age that is here to-day; or maybe it had better be called the Frozen Age. And it will get worse as time goes on.

Of course, you know that we have frozen vegetables and frozen meat from the Argentine, and frozen lamb and butter from New Zealand. That, sirs, is elementary.

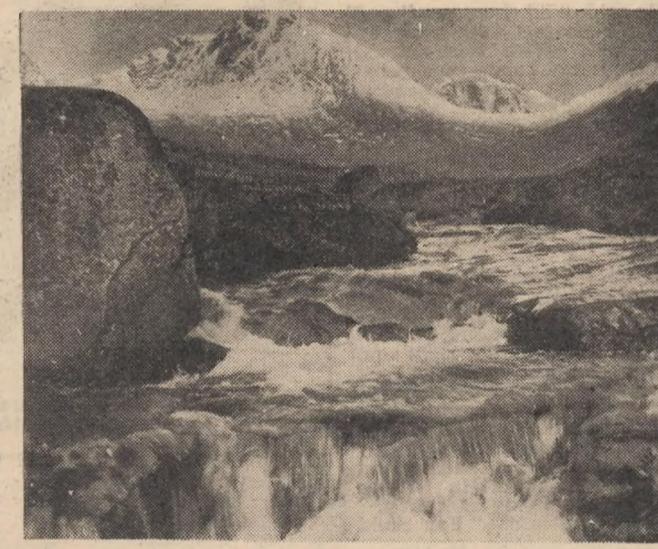
Here is a list of the new frozen things that have been experimented with and have been proved anything but a frost:-

Frozen mothers' milk is now being transported, so that weak babies may live and thrive. A frozen coffee has just been patented. Frozen blood, used in blood transfusion, is now not only possible, but a fact.

Frozen light can now be stored, although it will be some time before it becomes of household use. At present it may be used for scientific purposes in small quantities.

Frozen grass has been taken across oceans for chicken feed. And, latest of all, frozen dough and batter can be held in that state for months and then used as good as fresh stuff. All this has been done.

But there is more even than that. Cremation took the place, in "scientific" thought, of ordinary ground burial for human beings. Now the idea



is to have dead people frozen and kept in a sort of museum where you can call and pay your respects.

It is the idea of William G. Sneedham, of Kentucky; and he is an "ice man." He owns a refrigerator of enormous proportions. He thinks it would be a great idea to have an Ice Hall of the Dead. But to get back to more

pleasant things. You can freeze almost anything, if you pay attention to temperatures and freeze in the proper way. Experts at the Purdue University have been trying out samples of things. One of these was ordinary batter which mother uses for making pastries, and dough for bread.

It has been a success, and now they say that it will be a commonplace in a year or two for mother to order a pound of frozen dough and take it home for cooking the dinner. And the batter can keep for at least six months, so that it can be ordered in summer and picked up for any Christmas or winter occasion.

In one test, roll dough that had risen once was packed and sealed and frozen quickly at ten degrees below Fahrenheit, interest.

Mr. B. Tay, M.R.C.V.S., one of the partners of the famous London firm of W. S. Reid and B. Tay, M.R.C.V.S., took me for a two-hour round of visits; in the streets, the horses' doctor noticed many of his old friends and patients.

"There goes Toby," he said. "I treated him for 'flu not long ago." He remembers their names, and—strange though it may seem—many of the horses recently, to look behind the one of the great essentials to scenes, how attentive to his welfare are those who largely power, possessed by some, of securing the confidence of the animals—a power which Mr. B. Tay does, sometimes, and so does a bus or a tram! But not so the horse.

Man's faithful friend will serve till he drops; in London's streets the horse serves to remind us that we can "get there" only by the use of hard work and patience; and in the Row he displays his grace and charms thousands.

We do well to love the horse, man's friend both in peace and war, and it is good to observe, if one is permitted, as we remember him. It appears that recently, to look behind the one of the great essentials to scenes, how attentive to his welfare are those who largely power, possessed by some, of securing the confidence of the animals—a power which Mr. B. Tay possesses to an exceptional degree.

At a Fitzroy Street surgery for animals, cats and dogs are treated there for many different ailments. There is an infirmary there, too; animals recuperate after operations in the infirmary, and they enjoy conditions which contribute much towards their quick recovery. At the back of the large house is a forge—one of many controlled by the partnership in London.

Some of these are old forges, others are of comparatively recent establishment; a forge carries with it the atmosphere of the country—of the places where horses are more common than in town, and where the advance of mechanical transport is not so marked as in the great towns and cities. Most of the horses are shod between five and eight o'clock in the morning.

Every other day Mr. Reid undertakes a tour of the forges and of stables, while his partner attends to dogs and other animals. Some idea of the proportions of his work in this connection will be gathered when it is said that he has over a thousand Pekingese on his books at the present time, as well as a very large number of Alsatians and other breeds.

Mr. Howell has performed some remarkable operations on animals, a recent one being for hernia in a valuable Pekingese which was unable to walk. He also operates on cats to render them sterile, and has been very successful in setting thousands of limbs of dogs. The animals are put under an anaesthetic, sometimes for as long as an hour. Indeed, dogs have been known to have 14 grs. of morphine in one day—enough to kill most human beings.

Can it be done with man? The only reason that it has not been tried out is that nobody wants to be experimented on.

The Oxford scientists tried it out with frogs, newts and eels. They kept some of these frozen for a long time; then thawed the ice, and the creatures were again merry and bright at release from the cold prison.

Can it be done with man? The only reason that it has not been tried out is that nobody wants to be experimented on.

The other form, or one should say another form, not so easy to dispose of, is the worry caused by the thoughtlessness or the selfishness of others. Sensitive people are more prone to fall victim to the latter.

They are afraid of hurting the feelings of others, yet they

themselves are being tortured by the feelinglessness of others. So what?

## Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

IN the story, "The Human Comedy," by William Saroyan, to which I have referred before, the child Ulysses is a real child, to whom the world is wide, wonderful and mysterious.

One day, on his way home from an expedition to an orchard, Ulysses is held captive by the sight of a "mechanical" man in a shop window, and so absorbed is he in this strange man-acting-mechanically, that he stands with his nose glued to the shop window until all the passers-by have gone home.

Suddenly, as though the man is fed-up with acting before such a small though fascinated audience, the "mechanical" figure leans right down to the shop window, staring most horribly at the child.

Ulysses is terrified and runs away screaming at the top of his voice, runs anywhere to get away from the hideous sight . . . luckily bumping into his big brother Homer returning home from work.

Completely out of control, he continues to scream, and Homer, unable to figure it out, says, "Why, you're SCARED, Ulysses."

At that, the child immediately pulls himself together and in less than no time is smilingly sitting on the front of his brother's bike, crying out "I'm scared . . . I'm scared."

The point is this. To Ulysses the word "scared" had no meaning of terror, it was just a word bandied about the house, and as soon as he realised that his fearful fright . . . the worst thing that had happened to him up to that point . . . was merely being scared . . . well, it didn't mean a thing.

Aren't a great many of us like that? Don't a great many of us make so much of some things that they become almost insurmountable, and yet the moment someone comes along and takes all the sting out of them we realise that the "terror" which was so real to us was self-created.

But then, it is always easier for us to debunk the troubles of other people, yet hang on to our own, so that there is obviously something lacking, and that something is a standard by which we can really and truly measure the extent of troubles, both for ourselves and others.

And as "troubles" are only powerful in so far as they actually trouble . . . in other words, in so far as they are allowed to worry one . . . then the whole thing boils down, not to a standard for measuring trouble, but a standard of reality by comparison with which we can see the real strength of our worries.

Some people have a knack (or claim to have) of going through life without worrying at all. So long as they do not cause other people to worry, then surely they are fortunate and have hit on something worth knowing.

The point even then is . . . are people who don't worry brainless, or have they a something which definitely debunks worry as being a self-created destructive force? . . . Because there is not the slightest doubt that it IS both.

One source of worry can easily be avoided, and that is the one which we cause ourselves simply because we act the damn fool.

The other form, or one should say another form, not so easy to dispose of, is the worry caused by the thoughtlessness or the selfishness of others.

Sensitive people are more prone to fall victim to the latter.

They are afraid of hurting the feelings of others, yet they

themselves are being tortured by the feelinglessness of others. So what?

It is very hard to change one's ideals . . . it is very hard to be hard, but there seems no alternative.

People who deliberately hurt others . . . people who knowingly inflict mental torture on others, are actually CRUEL, no matter how they try to disguise their "influence," and as such they must be met with something which will take all the sting out of the blows.

They are as terrifying as the mechanical man was to Ulysses . . . they are almost a day and night nightmare . . . and yet . . . that horror is purely mental to the victim, and as such is either fostered or killed, in the mind of the victim, by himself.

What we want is someone to come along and call the whole thing by another name . . . a name which we hear often and has no sting . . . just like Homer laughed out the word "scared" and banished all the fear.

And I believe that if that word was "scared" . . . we who think ourselves above being scared would be inclined to admit that Fear WAS the cause and that as we are not normally afraid of anything within reason we ought not to be feared by worry.

The only thing to defeat Fear is Faith.

Faith in the sincerity and justice of our actions, Faith in the knowledge that Right will prevail and that Oppression cannot crush our souls . . . Faith in the knowing that if we are doing Right we simply cannot play second string to the bully, mental or physical, because if our Faith is in the Almighty, then nothing on earth has the backing that we have.

There was an old hymn which ran: "With Christ in the vessel, we'll smile at the storm," and though the simile was nautical, it did not stop there.

With Christ's teaching as one's guide, one can take all the sting out of worry, for the simple reason that beyond certain fundamentals of life, nothing matters any more than we allow it to matter.

The accumulation of wealth and power doesn't prevent one from dying, even though the world may bow down to the wealthy and powerful. In fact, it is very questionable if people with wealth and power live any longer than people less wealthy but much happier.

Because a contented mind allied to sufficient to live on are worth much more than all the gold in the world.

A contented mind, mark you, is the main ingredient.

There it goes . . . MIND, again. What an all-important part it plays!

Why don't we let it play its right part?

Why don't we let it debunk those empty things which worry us?

Why don't we fill it with knowledge of our "Oneness" with the Creator . . . with the availability of all the everlasting and almighty things at our disposal through Him?

With the complete knowing of a surety of His support throughout life . . . the support which is the Rock of our Salvation.

The only things which matter emanate from Him.

Other influences only matter as much as we ALLOW them to. If we give them power . . . if we allow them to "worry us stiff," we cannot very well blame someone else.

Because no other person can do our thinking for us. Cheerio and Good Hunting!



## PUZZLE CORNER

### DO YOU KNOW?

- (1) How many planets are there?
  - (2) Why do gloves keep our hands warm?
  - (3) When is it possible to hear a concert before the audience?
  - (4) How much water is there in a cabbage?
  - (5) Who named electricity?
- Solution in S 45.

### Answer to MAZE in S 43.

To enter the Maze, keep in contact with the wall on your left and follow it round all corners and blind alleys till you get to the centre. To escape from the Maze, keep similar close contact with the wall on your right.

Can you cross these nine dots by using only four straight lines? Solution in S 45.

## HOW TO TALK TO A SLEEPING BEAUTY

FRANK and imaginative was the comment of the Cockney kid who heard the fable of the Sleeping Beauty for the first time: "Cor, I bet 'e 'ad a good time afore she woke up!"

That vein has been taken by poets, novelists and raconteurs since the second century B.C., when a spic Greek writer, Aristides of Miletus, put together a collection of anecdotes rather of the nature (though on a somewhat higher literary level) of the stories that commercial travellers tell in tap-rooms.

They were translated into Latin by the historian Lucius Sisenna (119-67 B.C.), and many of the stories are just variations on the theme of the Sleeping Beauty.

We can follow the theme backwards from the elegant and pious Coventry Patmore, in a little poem called "The Kiss."

"I saw you take his kiss." 'Tis true.

O Modesty. 'Twas strictly kept.

He thought me asleep; at least I knew

He thought I thought he thought I slept!"

A PINK STORY.

The same idea was expressed in a little poem called "The Kiss,"

who was a great wit at West-

minster and Trinity College,

more than once after the last Cambridge, collaborated with

## MEDWAY COURT

THE meeting of the Medway Court of Admiralty on a river barge at Rochester is a ceremony which has been carried on unchanged since 1729.

It controls the fishery of the Medway, from Hawkwood to Sheerness, and sits yearly to hear disputes or applications brought by the free fishers, of which there are about 150.

The Mayor of the city presides as Admiral of the Medway.

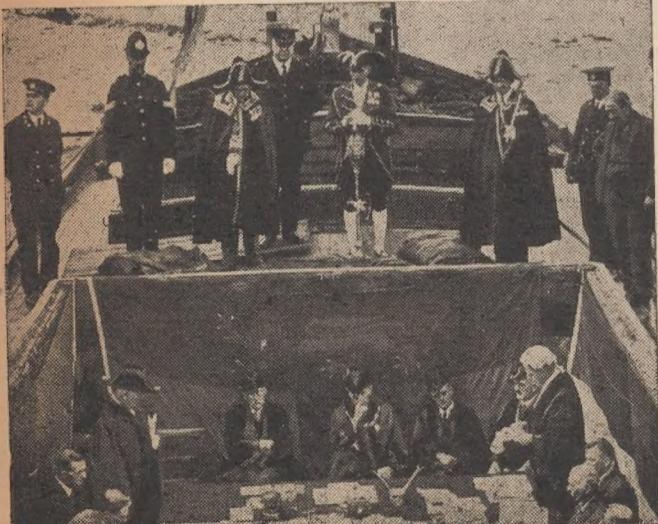
You see him here in full civic regalia, supported by his Aldermen.

Included in the business of

it is one of the oldest and most picturesque courts in England.

Queen Anne gave the free fishery of the Medway to certain fishermen for services rendered in repelling the Dutch.

To-day, it's still a privilege to be a free fisher on the Medway — especially when oysters are in season.



## ARE YOU A DOWSER?

Asks  
Richard  
Keverne

ARE you a dowser—one of those people who can discover underground water with a divining rod? You probably are.

For far more persons possess this gift or faculty than is generally believed. In my experience certainly more than half the people I have tested have it to a greater or lesser degree.

Now, what the explanation of dowsing is I don't know. I don't think anybody knows. And until comparatively recent years it was laughed at by superior persons as humbug and an old wives' tale.

But nowadays there are few country districts in which there is not a professional dowser, who adds to his living the fees paid him by builders or farmers seeking likely places in which to sink wells.

And there are the more ambitious diviners who profess to be able to locate hidden precious metals and even foundations of vanished buildings. Of these I have no personal experience, though I regard their claims with an open mind, because once I, too, used to laugh at water divining as sheer spoof.

Let me tell you how I was converted.

John: "Do you remember last Saturday afternoon you went up to your room for a nap?"

Maud: "Yes, I had a headache. What about it?" John: "Well, later on I crept upstairs, found you asleep and kissed you."

Maud: "Kissed me! John, I gave you credit for more sense!"

This is really only expressing in a few crude words what poets and romanticists have expressed with more verbosity.

In fact, it is surprising how delicately they have wrapped up this intriguing but slightly indecent theme and have succeeded in making true poetry out of the situation.

Nathaniel Lee, for instance, dryden in "Oedipus" and also "Little Poems," 16th edition, edited a little publication called 1833.

It was such a success in purging melancholy that an edition was reprinted some years after Nathaniel's death in 1705.

One of the songs would do well in a modern setting:

Sabina in the dead of night  
In restless slumbers wishing  
Cynthia was bawd, her dear  
Light  
To loose desires did lead the way.  
I step'd to her bed-side with bended knee.  
And sure Sabina saw...  
I'm sure she saw—but would not see.

I drew the curtains of the  
Lawn  
Which did her whiter Body  
keep,  
But still the nearer I was  
drawn,  
Methought the faster did she  
sleep;  
I called Sabina softly in her  
ear,  
And sure Sabina heard...  
I'm sure she heard—but  
would not hear.  
And so on....

BURNS TRIES HIS HAND.  
Or would you prefer the same theme in broad Scots?  
In the collection of "The Musical Miscellany" (1731) there is "An old Scots country-side song," attributed to Robert Burns. Its title is "The Mill O," and it runs:

Beneath a green shade I fand  
a fair maid,  
Was sleeping sound and still, O;  
A lowan wi' love, my fancy  
did rove

Around her wi' good will, O;  
Her bosom I prest; but sunk  
in her rest  
She stirr'dna my joy to  
spill, O;  
While kindly she slept, close  
to her I crept,  
And kiss'd and kiss'd her my  
fill, O.

That's how the Scots do it. And the Irish?

In the nineteenth century that wayward Irish genius, Tom Moore, tackled the theme of How to Make Love Without Waking Up in his collection,

The earliest version I find of this theme is nearly 500 years old, which surely shows that things don't change.

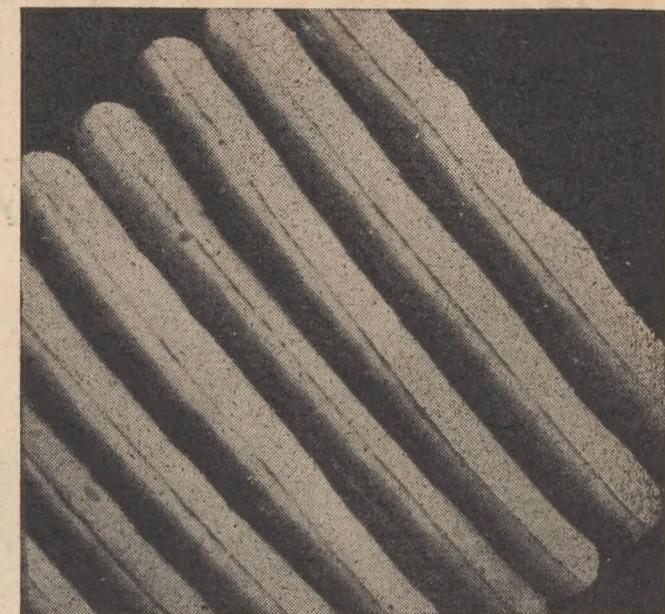
It is in the "Facetiae" of Henry Bebel (1472), who became a Lutheran and a Professor at Tubingen.

This is his anecdote: "A girl much bothered by her lover said, 'It is not a bit of good coming to me to-night. I keep a knife underneath my pillow, to kill any invader.' But he came at night-time, and found her feigning a deep sleep, so he artfully pretended to be just going, when the girl, equally pretending to wake up, cried, 'Stop, I haven't really got a knife.'"

That's the best ending to any fairy story.

CHRIS GOULD

## SUNDAY FARE



### WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was Cauliflower.

effort of mine. That twig twisted itself up hard in my hands. I couldn't stop it. It was most uncanny.

Well, I've done a lot of it since then. I've checked my reactions with others who dowse. I have found the sites of hidden wells, and I've had a lot of fun out of it.

I am no expert. Some men can give you a very fair idea of at what depth you will find the subterranean stream. I haven't practised enough to attempt to do that. For the more you practise and study the matter the more proficient you become, I am sure.

By the way, dowsing is only supposed to discover fresh or running water. I, at any rate, get no reaction over stagnant water.

There are various methods of dowsing, and mine perhaps is one of the simplest.

I use any sort of wood for my twig, provided it is not too stiff and has elasticity. Hazel is one of the best; elm is not bad. I have even used lilac for want of something better, but that goes soft in the hand after a very few minutes. Resilience is what you want.

So cut yourself a V-shaped twig with its arms—or legs, if you like—as near the same thickness as you can. The ideal twig is not too easy to find. You don't want it to be more than half an inch in diameter at the end of the legs or it may be too stiff. Just over a quarter of an inch will do. Trim it neatly, particularly the ends, for you have to press your thumbs hard there, and it hurts if they are rough. Each leg should be about 16 to 18 inches long.

Now then: Hold this twig in your hands, V downward, knuckles inward, facing each other, thumbs pressed hard on its ends. Then press your elbows hard to your sides and slowly turn the hands so that the knuckles come up-

ward and parallel to your body, bringing the twig up, pointing ahead of you and parallel to the ground. There is a bit of knack in this, but you'll soon pick it up. The idea is to get a strain on the twig, making it taut and springy in the hands. Grip hard, press your elbows in hard, press your thumbs on the ends hard.

With the twig in that position, firmly held, walk slowly. Then if you can dowse and there's subterranean water about—there isn't always—presently you'll feel the twig pulling round in your hands. Keep your grip firm.

The twig will begin to point up or down, it varies with different people, and the strength of the pull in your hands indicates the nearness and the quantity of the water. The greatest strength in the pull is when you're directly over the spring.

As you move on the tension will relax. Let the twig guide you. Sometimes you'll find what seems to be an underground stream following a direct course across the land. Sometimes the reaction comes in and about one spot only, suggesting an uprising spring.

For the rest, experience and practice will teach you much.

As for divining for precious metals, I have never tried. I have heard of people who can detect with a divining rod a sovereign hidden under a carpet. Maybe they can. And if you have that rare object, a sovereign, you can try for yourself.

I can offer no explanation, no theory even, of the mystery of dowsing. But I do know that it is an amusing pastime, and can at times be turned into a useful and profitable one.

Try it for yourself and see what happens. And don't be discouraged if you don't succeed at once.

### Sunday Thoughts

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

Laugh and be well.  
Matthew Green  
(1696-1737).

The human knee is a joint and not an entertainment.

Percy Hammond (1873).

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

O. Henry (1862-1910).

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances.

Julius and Augustus Hare.



"Pipe down, Peter! She's old enough to be your mother!"

# BUCK RYAN



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92



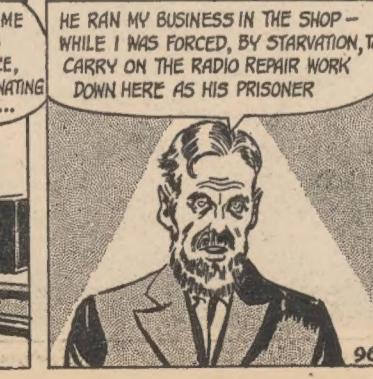
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## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe —

MORE and more people are realising that stamp collecting is not just a schoolboy's hobby. It is a hobby, certainly, but it is primarily a mode of investment. In wartime, stamps, like precious stones, offer a safe means of tying up money.

Refugees from Occupied Europe have brought away their savings in the form of postage stamps. They know that stamps can be changed into cash in any country in the world.

For collectors outside Europe there is to-day a rare opportunity to purchase new issues at little more than face value, with a view to selling when the war is over and dealers now in Occupied Countries are free to buy.

In this column I want to give you an idea which issues are likely to prove the best investment. A stamp is not necessarily a good buy because it is new. Russia and Free France, as examples, are issuing sets which, in my opinion, will never be worth more than a few coppers.

How does one buy stamps, particularly when cut off from the shops by Service duties?

There are plenty of reputable dealers in this country who conduct business through the post. Get in touch with one and let him know your wants. In my experience, the average dealer will go to an immense amount of trouble to fill your orders, even though they bring him in only an odd shilling or two.

Get one of the stamp periodicals and read the advertisements. The best of them for your purpose are "The Stamp Magazine," published at 3d. monthly, "The Philatelic Magazine," 4d. fortnightly, and "Stamp Collecting," published at 3d. weekly.

Bear in mind, however, that wartime currency regulations forbid the import of foreign stamps in mint condition. Used copies are all you are likely to come by, though a few mint stamps slip into the country somehow.

It is an offence to deal in the new issues of Axis and Axis-controlled countries. So don't ask your dealer if he has the new German stamp with the portrait of Hitler! A few copies reached Berne and sold to philatelists at £35 apiece—but that's different, for Switzerland is a neutral country.

In a later number of "Good Morning" I will reproduce some of the stamps recently issued by the Germans in Occupied Countries.



in this column. The inscription of the 10c stamp reads: "Unmask the Fifth Columnists," and that of the upright: "Be Careful, the Fifth Column is Spying!" A million of each value were printed.



I don't mention these for investment. They are not a collector's item. But as an example of how the postage stamp can be used to carry war propaganda, I think they're worth a place in the album.

In June last, the United States began a monthly issue of stamps,

each of 5c. value, honouring "the heroic and continuing resistance to the Axis Powers by the peoples of the overrun and Occupied Countries of Europe."

The design shows the flag of the country honoured. They are the first U.S. stamps to be printed in more than two colours and employing more than one printing process.

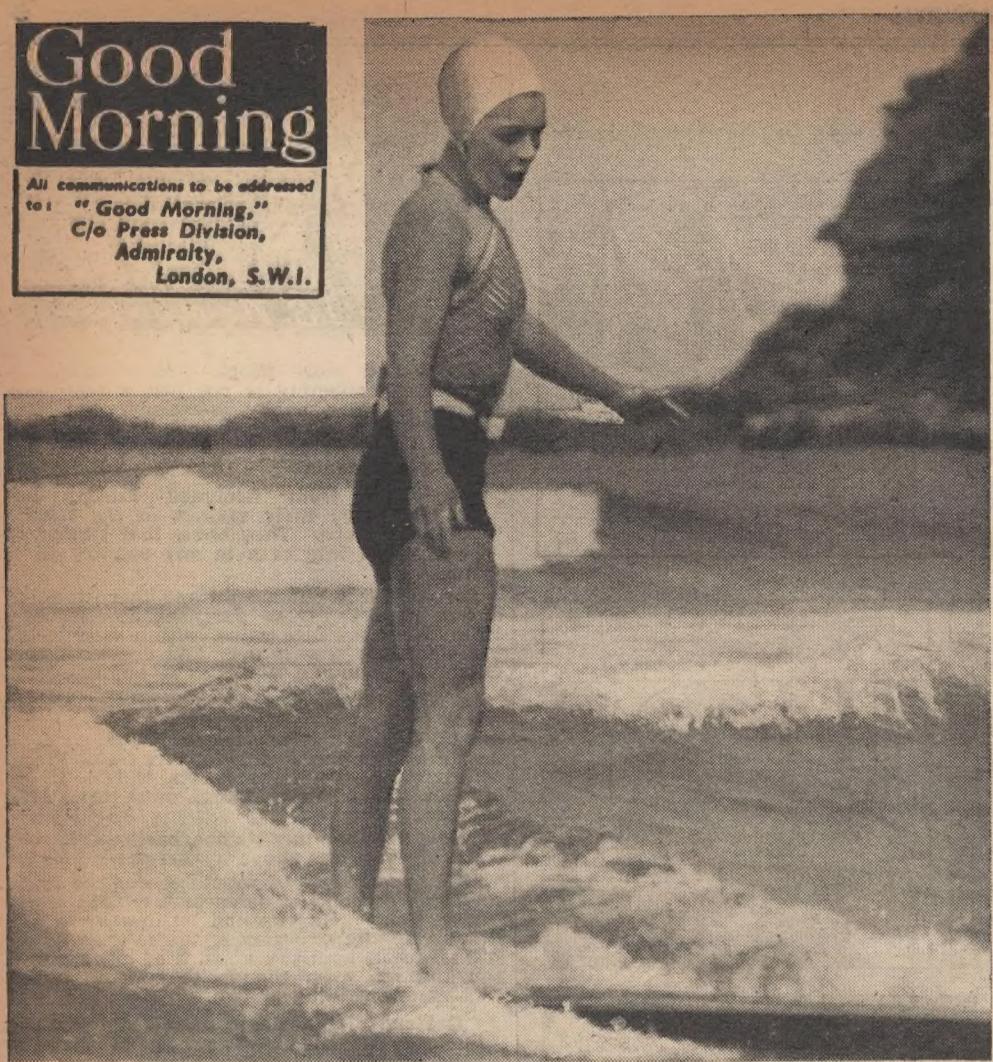
The series started with Poland, and then came Czechoslovakia, Norway, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Belgium, France, Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania and Austria. The stamp illustrated here is one-and-a-half times actual size.

These flag stamps are well worth buying now for later appreciation, particularly on first-day cover.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed  
to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



# SURF YOU RIGH-

